

WHERE TO SEE FALL COLOR

OUR ANNUAL PORTFOLIO, FEATURING RED OAKS, GOLDEN ASPENS AND MORE

ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE • EXPLORE • EXPERIENCE

OCTOBER 2012

CHEERS!
~ A SALUTE TO ~
**HISTORIC
SALOONS**

Ride On!

The Best Bike Trails &
Back Roads for
Riding Among the
Autumn Leaves

"Orange is red brought nearer to humanity by yellow." — KANDINSKY

Hart Prairie Road

PLUS: 15 SPOOKY CEMETERIES • APACHE WEAVER TERI GOODE • EXPLORING THE RIM
SONORAN HOT DOGS • GLOBE, AZ • BRISTLECONE PINES • A COWBOY STORY BY JPS BROWN

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18 RIDE ON!

Autumn is special. Not only in Vermont, but also here in Arizona. The weather is beautiful. The leaves are more beautiful. And the combination offers a perfect opportunity to get on your bike and ride. If you're looking for fall color, this story will steer you in the right direction.

BY LORI K. BAKER

28 WHERE THE BODIES ARE BURIED

It's October. The time of year when sweatshirts replace T-shirts, when pumpkins go on sale, and when little ghosts and goblins gear up to go trick-or-treating. In the spirit of the season, we sent one of our most ambitious photographers on a grave pursuit. Literally. His mission: to photograph cemeteries in every county of the state. Two thousand, six hundred and seventy-six miles later, mission accomplished.

A PORTFOLIO BY MARK LIPCZYNSKI

40 THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

Copper Queen, Crystal Palace, Zane Grey ... when it comes to old saloons — the kind you'd see in a classic Western — Arizona offers some of the most interesting places to get water for your horses, whiskey for your men or just a cold bottle of sarsaparilla. Inside, we'll tell you about seven of the best.

BY KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER & KATHY RITCHIE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES BARBEY

46 THE HIGH LONESOME

Our favorite cowboy storyteller reflects on his boyhood home in Apache County — the 175-square-mile High Lonesome ranch. Located at an elevation of 7,000 feet, the place is high, wide and dry, but the characters Joe Brown grew up with were full of color.

AN ESSAY BY J.P.S. BROWN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRIS GALL

50 DREAM WEAVER

Teri Goode is among the last of the traditional Western Apache coil basket weavers. Without her, the art form could be lost, and without a vision of her grandmother in a dream, it might already be gone.

BY KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER
PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID ZICKL

52 SCENIC DRIVE

Houston Mesa Road: Waterfalls, wooded hillsides, rising cliffs, autumn leaves, an ancient village, a pastoral community ... there's a lot to see on this scenic drive, which winds for 15 miles below the Mogollon Rim.


54 HIKE OF THE MONTH

Barbershop Trail: There's a chance of seeing wild turkeys, elk, mule deer and black bears on this hike, but the highlights this time of year are the autumn leaves and crisp fall air.


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► A stormy sunset paints the sky over Ward Terrace, on the Navajo Indian Reservation. | CLAIRE CURRAN

FRONT COVER Cyclist Annagreta Jacobson cruises the aspen-lined Hart Prairie Road, near Flagstaff. | DAWN KISH

BACK COVER Light and shadows play across the Crown King Main Cemetery in this infrared image. | MARK LIPCZYNSKI

BIKES, BEER & BURIED BODIES

Texas has 254 counties. If we were *Texas Highways*, which is a wonderful magazine, by the way, we couldn't have done this month's portfolio. Too many counties in Texas; too many miles in between. As it is, Mark Lipczynski logged 2,676 miles in his 2011 Ford Transit Connect just hitting the 15 counties we have in Arizona. He was on a grave pursuit, so to speak, to shoot some of the most interesting cemeteries in the state.

When we sat down with Mark to discuss the project, he didn't have a lot of questions. I think he was a little suspect: *Are they really asking me to traipse around a bunch of dusty old cemeteries in the middle of nowhere?* The meeting lasted about seven minutes, and then he was off, armed with his collection of cameras and a grant of artistic license from us. I'm not sure how many weeks he was out in the field, but by the time he got back to Phoenix, he'd nailed the assignment. What you'll see in *Where the Bodies Are Buried* is just a sample of what he brought in. It's an impressive portfolio, and it's our way of getting into the spirit of the season. Happy Halloween. Our cover story has a seasonal theme, too.

No matter where you're from, autumn offers a welcome respite from summer. Even those tortured souls in Lake Wobegon, who right about now are gearing up for the onslaught of winter, can appreciate the beauty of fall and the words of Helen Hunt Jackson. "O suns and skies and clouds of June, And flowers of June together, Ye cannot rival for one hour October's bright blue weather." Here in the Valley of the Sun, where the world headquarters of *Arizona Highways* has been baking in the heat for months, fall means a chance to get outside, hop on your bike and hit the road.

In *Ride On!*, we feature 10 of our favorite routes for seeing the reds and yellows

of oaks and aspens. The Holy Grail of fall rides is Hart Prairie Road, which is what you saw on our front cover. It's my personal favorite, but all 10 are worthwhile. Some are extremely difficult, like the Icehouse Trail in the Pinal Mountains south of Globe, and some are easy enough to do on an old Schwinn three-speed with a banana seat. The trails in the Granite Basin Recreation Area near Prescott fall into that category. Two of the most popular trails up there are West Lake and Balancing Rock. Do them as a combo, and when you're done, head into downtown Prescott and park yourself at the Palace Saloon.

The Palace is old. It's not as old as Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese in Central London (est. 1667) or Café Vlossinghe in Belgium (est. 1515), but by Arizona standards, it's getting up there. Established in 1877, The Palace was serving hard liquor for several decades before Arizona even became a state. And for that, we're labeling it a classic, along with the other six saloons in *The Magnificent Seven*.

Few, if any, of those places still have hitching posts out front, but they all have a connection to Arizona's Wild West. Our story offers a slice of Arizona history, with a shot of bourbon or sarsaparilla thrown in. Add the saloons to your itinerary, and when you go, remember: Quench your thirst, wet your whistle, whatever, just don't drink and drive. You don't want to end up in a county jail somewhere. Or, worse yet, in one of Mark Lipczynski's cemeteries.

HAPPY TRAILS, SEÑOR

This month, we say goodbye to long-time senior editor Randy Summerlin,

who's retiring after five decades in publishing. Actually, we're not entirely saying good-bye. We've ordered a life-size cutout of him, which will sit in the art department next to the pressure cooker he used every day to make his lunch. Nevertheless, we are going to miss Randy and his thick Texas drawl. Although his name may not be familiar to you, you should know that he's one of the many behind-the-scenes folks around here who make this magazine possible. He's also a good-natured and genuinely sweet man. I learned that on my first day in the office. I was taking over a seat that had been occupied by only 12 editors in the long history



JEFF KIDA

of this magazine. Randy, feeling the expected trepidation of facing "the new guy," walked in anyway and helped me through the transition. There's no way to adequately thank him for his hard work and dedication, but there is one thing the ASU grads on the staff would like to offer to our colleague, a diehard University of Arizona fan. Here you go, Randy: "Lute Olson is a god." There, we said it. Be well.

ROBERT STIEVE, EDITOR

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KRISTIN HAYWARD, KBH PHOTOGRAPHY



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ARIZONA HIGHWAYS TELEVISION



ELLEN BARNES

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DAVID ZICKL

Photographer David Zickl traveled 30 miles down a dirt road to photograph Apache basket weaver Teri Goode (see *Dream Weaver*, page 50). "We went to a spot on the San Carlos Reservation where Teri gathers materials for her baskets," Zickl says. "I started photographing a still life of the baskets, then asked Teri to stand on a rock behind them. The shot just kind of set itself up." Nevertheless, it did take some effort to get the baskets into the shot — most of Goode's work is on display in Tucson, so her husband and son had to drive from the reservation to the Arizona State Museum to pick up a few samples. Zickl is a regular contributor to *Arizona Highways*. His work has also appeared in *Food Arts* and *Cowboys & Indians*.



MARK LIPCZYNSKI

Mark Lipczynski doesn't believe in ghosts. Well, maybe. "I sort of don't believe in ghosts, but I've had a few strange encounters in the past that I can't explain logically," he says. He also experienced a few strange occurrences as he photographed this month's portfolio (see *Where the Bodies Are Buried*, page 28), for which he traveled to cemeteries in each of the state's 15 counties, traversing 2,676 miles. "I'm not saying I'm a believer any more now, but there are a lot of things that the human brain has not yet developed to understand," Lipczynski says. "I think that the strange encounters I've had might be like seeing or hearing the shadow or echo of a dimension that humans haven't yet evolved enough to recognize." His work has also appeared in *The San Francisco Chronicle*, *Bloomberg News* and *Food & Wine*.

JACQUES BARBEY

Ask photographer Jacques Barbey to choose a favorite character from the saloons he visited for this month's feature titled *The Magnificent Seven* (page 40), and he'll be hard-pressed. "There was that rough and very hairy one-legged biker, pausing to collect himself and take a swig as he shared a story about searching for his loved ones in the aftermath of a tornado," Barbey says. "In Tombstone, a woman with the loveliest and greenest eyes told about Jeep runs in the moonlight and five days that felt like a thousand while she was stuck in a Mexican jail. And there, in Bisbee, like some narrator out of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, a genteel, well-tanned real-estate man with ivory teeth sipped from a glass of chardonnay and spun a memory about movie star Lee Marvin." Barbey's work has also appeared in *Time*, *Business Week* and *Discover*.

— KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER



NO IFS, ANDS OR BUTTS

I enjoyed Kelly Kramer’s piece about author Jim Harrison [*The Man in the Creek*, August 2012]; however, I have one question: Is smoking still permitted in the bar in Patagonia? Isn’t it a statewide ban? Ms. Kramer wrote: “The friends ... gather at the Wagon Wheel ... Harrison holds court, drinking vodka tonics ... and, of course, smoking.” If it’s legal there, I’m heading down for a bit of unhealthy nostalgia.

T.W. McLellan, Phoenix

EDITOR’S NOTE: Good catch. The story should have clarified that Mr. Harrison was smoking outside. Nevertheless, you should still head to Patagonia. It’s one of our favorite places.



August 2012

SWEET AS PIE

Growing up as an Arizona kid, I was always in awe of *Arizona Highways*. It always represented what was best around me. I never dreamed I’d receive an invitation for an interview at my little café in Alpine [*Bear Necessity*, August 2012]. Thank you for your consideration. It was a pleasure and an honor to have each of you visit Bear Wallow. Come visit us anytime you can. Pie and coffee will be waiting.

Vada Davis, Bear Wallow Café, Alpine, Arizona

THE BUCKET BRIGADE

Regarding Room 426 at the Hassayampa Inn [*31 Things to Do Before You Kick the Bucket*, August 2012], Faith may have hung her clothes in the closet, but she hanged herself in despair.

R.A. Peterson, Tucson

Four-wheel-drive tours through Canyon de Chelly [*31 Things to Do Before You Kick the Bucket*, August 2012] are indeed visually magnificent, and educational, thanks in large part to the Navajo guides’ narratives. However, the vehicles they drive (as depicted in the accompanying photo) are not Jeeps. They’re former U.S. military 2.5-ton flatbed cargo trucks equipped with bench seats for multiple passengers.

Bill Norman, Tucson

LAKE EFFECT

It’s amazing but true: I lived in Phoenix for 13 years (1972-1985) and never visited the Grand Canyon. I’ve flown over

it, and did pass by many times towing a boat to Lake Powell. I spent quite a few boating vacations on that lake and know it as well as possible, considering that every trip was at a different lake elevation and, therefore, a very different cruising and camping experience. There’s a reason *Arizona Highways* features Lake Powell so often, publishes books and photo journals about it, and sponsors photo workshops to the area on a regular basis. I’m grateful for this lake, and the opportunities it has given millions of people like myself to see the Glen Canyon area, which, otherwise, would not have been possible or practical for my family and me.

Roger Giles, Knoxville, Tennessee

CHILD’S PLAY

Your *Editor’s Letter* [July 2012] brought back quite a few memories. As a boy, I was privileged to go down Bright Angel Trail a couple of times. Once, we caught catfish with our bare hands in a pool at the mouth of Bright Angel Creek. Then we went to Phantom Ranch to spend the night. These trips were a week at a time. We carried our own food, so we had plenty of time to make the trip to the ranch and to get back up to the South Rim. Each way, down and up, we stopped at Indian Garden, where one night we dealt with rattlesnakes. We had lots of other adventures, too, including trips to Canyon de Chelly and Sunset Crater. In those days, such places weren’t off limits. We went far into Canyon de Chelly, and ran up and

down Sunset Crater. Of course, the authorities were right to call a halt to such destructive behaviors.

Archibald O. Haller, Professor Emeritus,
University of Wisconsin-Madison

DAM SHAME

Thank you very much for your story on our San Pedro River by Terry Greene Sterling [*Current Conditions*, July 2012]. Nicely written with a few debatable statements and the perpetuation of one local legend that I hope you’ll take the space in a future issue to help lay to rest. The San Pedro River is *not* “undammed,” as Ms. Sterling has stated. I invite you and everyone else to “fly” Google Maps north along the river from the town of St. David. A couple of miles north you’ll find a concrete structure crossing the river in a straight line at almost a right angle to the flow of the water. If this doesn’t compute with your preconceived notion that it should not exist, then visit the site to feast your own eyes on the apparition. Yes! It’s a dam! How do I know? My professional career was spent building dams and analyzing their safety, so I consider myself somewhat more knowledgeable than the average person in identifying one.

Alexander Kunzer, Sierra Vista, Arizona

contact us If you have thoughts or comments about anything in *Arizona Highways*, we’d love to hear from you. We can be reached at editor@arizonahighways.com, or by mail at 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. For more information, visit www.arizonahighways.com.



MOREY K. MILLBRADT

Down the Road

This double yellow line leads straight to a similarly hued tree along State Route 273 near Big Lake, one of the White Mountains’ most popular recreation areas. Information: 928-333-6200 or www.fs.usda.gov/asnf

RAISING THE BAR

It's not a classic saloon, like the Palace in Prescott or the Copper Queen in Bisbee, but The Desert Bar is legendary in its own way. Built from the ground up in the middle of nowhere, there's no other place like it. Anywhere.

The dusty, dirt road that leads to the Nellie E. Saloon, a.k.a. The Desert Bar, is quiet, except for the staccato of gunfire from a nearby shooting range: *pop ... pop-pop-pop-pop*. It's the last weekend in May, the last weekend the bar will be open before it shuts down for summer. The weather is unusually brisk, almost chilly. A high of 82 is forecast — about 20 degrees cooler than the day before. As the road plunges deeper into the desert, there's no sign of life. No dust from another vehicle. No hint that there might actually be a bar nearby. With every turn comes anticipation ... *are we there yet?* Finally, after ascending yet another rocky hill, the landscape unfolds, revealing what looks like a compound. The brain works overtime to put the pieces together. *What is this place?* By the time you reach the parking lot, the question remains unanswered. But that's the nature of The Desert Bar.

Ask anyone to describe it, and they'll likely start their answer with an "Um." Even owner Ken Coughlin lacks the words. "I can't describe it," he says in his sharp, Upper Midwest accent. "To me, it's my artwork."

Coughlin's story is a familiar one. A small-town boy from Wisconsin, he moved to Parker in the early 1970s. In 1974, he leased a little bar on the Colorado River, which quickly became a hit with the locals. Five years later, the lease was up, and Coughlin was a man without a bar. "I couldn't find a place to put my liquor license, so I had to do something," he says. "Something," for Coughlin, involved building a three-sided shack on his private property, 71 acres of land just outside of town. "I went to the liquor board and they said, 'Who are you going to serve out there?'"

Attracting customers, it turns out, wasn't a problem. Coughlin had a loyal

following, and thanks to word of mouth, people started flocking to the tiny bar in the desert. With the place open for business, Coughlin concentrated what little resources he had on the bigger picture.

"What I wanted to do was build the front of an old town," he explains. "And in an old town, the first thing you'd have is a saloon. The next thing you'd have is a church."

In 1988, five years after opening his little desert bar, Coughlin's vision became a reality. He named the place the Nellie E. after an old mining claim.

"The old-timers that go way back still call it the Nellie E.," he says. "But people started calling it The Desert Bar. Why fight it? I'm not going to fight it."

Everything inside The Desert Bar was either recycled from something else or built by Coughlin's own two hands. The brass-top bar is a Coughlin original. The windows came from old glass refrigerator doors. Coughlin's next project was the bridge that connects the parking lot to the saloon. After that, he tackled the church, creating a solid steel front with a copper steeple. Over the years, Coughlin added an outdoor bar, a stage for live music, a cooking area, enough bathrooms to accommodate a crowd, and two giant cooling towers to help with airflow. Everywhere you look, there's some random oddity. Chairs and other sculptures made from welded horseshoes are courtesy of his brother; an old wagon is hoisted above the grilling station; a vintage Oldsmobile, circa 1920, sits near the bridge, a rusty tractor right behind it.

"A lot of people look down on bar owners," Coughlin says. "I consider myself a developer; I'm developing this. I grew up on a farm, and to live on a farm, you have to know how to do everything. The enjoyment — or the payoff — is that I get to look at it."



Ken Coughlin stands next to his three-sided bar.

The crowds of locals and out-of-towners who flock to The Desert Bar like to look at it, too. That's probably because there's nothing like it. Anywhere. The place feels a little like Mad Max's post-apocalyptic Bartertown. But instead of being fueled by a methane refinery, slabs of solar panels cover the roof of the bar. Ask Coughlin how many solar panels he owns and he'll tell you: "A lot. Enough to power the place." And that's perhaps

his greatest achievement. The Desert Bar is, according to Coughlin, totally off the grid. "It took a long time to get to this stage," he says.

Coughlin started going solar in the 1980s, before going green was hip, and before rebates and tax credits were the norm. Perhaps his environmental convictions stem from his early years growing

you are. I know I know you, but I don't know from where." A customer walks up to Coughlin and asks to have his photo taken with the bar owner. He happily obliges. It was supposed to be a slow weekend. But the cool weather means more business for Coughlin. He doesn't mind. "I love what I'm doing," he says. "There's no other place on the

up on a farm; perhaps it's knowing that we live in a world where many children don't even know where hamburger comes from; or perhaps Coughlin understands that we're a nation that consumes, and, eventually, we'll be forced to pay the tab.

On this day, Coughlin is sitting on the back bar of the saloon, taking it all in. For someone who doesn't look or act his age (he's 68), he admits he's bad with names.

"Please, when you walk in, tell me who

planet I want to be." And Coughlin isn't done building his old town in the desert. He has plans to build an amphitheater and create a food-court area.

The Desert Bar may have started out as a place where Coughlin could tack up his liquor license, but standing in the heart of his "town," it's clear he's created his own Utopia — a place where he can hang his hat and play by his own rules.

— KATHY RITCHIE

local favorites



SINGH FARMS Scottsdale

Singh Farms — owned by the husband-and-wife team of Ken and Lee Singh — is a 20-acre farm that aims to provide nutritious food and educate the local community about a healthier way of life. The farm is open to the public on Saturdays from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and sells a variety of organic vegetables, as well as other products, like bread and honey. Ken says they use a "natural farming" method, working with the land to produce more nutritious foods.

How did Singh Farms get started?

The ground here wasn't farmable — it had a lot of caliche — so we broke the dirt up and mixed organics in it. We make our own compost here, and what we're working on are the carbon-nitrogen ratios. We're feeding the Earth because it's a living Earth, and the plants will take in what they need. What I'm trying to do is grow healthy food.

Where did you get your passion for organic foods?

I grew up on a farm. We had cows and chickens. My father farmed organically, and I remember composting in high school. When I started this farm, I decided we needed organics, and when I went to buy compost I couldn't find what I liked. So, I made my own. I'm trying to make it from the desert, for the desert.

How is the community getting involved?

[On Saturdays], we have guest chefs. Many of them buy our vegetables, so we invite them to the garden and ask them to cook so people can see how easy it is and how fresh it tastes.

— MOLLY J. SMITH

Information: Singh Farms, 8900 E. Thomas Road, Scottsdale



DAWN KISH

ALPINE PEDALERS

Brett and Heidi Mierendorf, Flagstaff

Brett and Heidi Mierendorf don't just ride bikes for a living. They ride a 15-passenger, human-powered pedal trolley. At least that's how Heidi describes it. The husband-and-wife team entered the pedaling business after spotting one of the bike-like vehicles in Milwaukee. "Our jaws dropped," Heidi says. "It was the craziest thing we'd ever seen." Crazy or not, the Mierendorfs purchased their own pedaler last October. Now, in addition to their day jobs (she's a nurse, he's a firefighter/paramedic), they pedal people around downtown Flagstaff during pub crawls and other events. Should you find yourself on the Mierendorfs' multiseat contraption, don't worry — all you have to do is pedal. Your driver (either Heidi, Brett or one of their part-time drivers) will steer and man the brakes. "People have such a great time," Brett says. "I love showing them all the cool places we love to visit. It feels like we're ambassadors of Flagstaff."

— KATHY RITCHIE

For more information about Alpine Pedaler, call 928-213-9233 or visit www.alpinepedaler.com.

DAWN KISH

Home on the Range

Southern Arizona is cattle country. It's also the site of Hacienda de Sonoita, a rustic-but-comfortable 5,000-square-foot home and B&B that's surrounded by some of the most scenic landscapes in the Southwest.

When you're working on a dream, it's best to build from the ground up. That was the case for Tom and Cheryl Rogos. A decade ago, when they left their respective banking and technology jobs, bought a parcel of land along State Route 82 in Sonoita and blueprinted a bed and breakfast, they weren't starting with much. In fact, they only had the land, a lone cowboy cabin that dated to 1929 and a whole lot of expectation. Now, they're the proprietors of Hacienda de Sonoita, their 5,000-square-foot home and B&B.

"We host visitors from all over the world," Tom says. "Many of them travel to Sonoita for the wine-tasting and horseback-riding;

some are ultramarathoners who stay with us the first weekend in March and run a 50-mile race all over the area."

No matter their reason for visiting, guests are charmed by the four-bedroom B&B, which, though the couple razed the cowboy cabin, pays homage to Southern Arizona's ranching heritage. Saltillo floors, finished concrete and cowboy ephemera give the hacienda a rustic feel, while carefully appointed rooms reflect all of the comforts you'd expect to find in an upscale inn.

"People can be as private or as social as they'd like to be," Tom says. "As we planned the hacienda, we traveled to many B&Bs and tried to figure out what worked and what didn't."

Embroidered linens, private baths and

carefully selected artwork and furniture characterize the small but comfortable rooms. Each of the bedrooms opens out onto the hacienda's stunning courtyard, which features both a cool, melodic water feature and expansive views of the surrounding grasslands.

Although the hacienda was built on only 5 acres, the Rogoses own 40. Many visitors hike the property, and when they head out, they never head out hungry.

Breakfast at Hacienda de Sonoita is typically served family style at 8 a.m. "Breakfasts can take anywhere from 30 minutes to three hours," Cheryl says. "People meet new friends or catch up with old ones. Sometimes we feel like we're world travelers — just listening to other people's stories."

Tom does most of the cooking, and he considers his menu "ranch style." Guests clamor for his home-made sourdough biscuits. And, often, dishes are prepared in Dutch ovens and heavy, cast-iron skillets. Those with lighter appetites will enjoy Cheryl's "world-famous" granola.

And though it's no easy task to cook for and clean up after guests, the Rogoses don't seem to mind. After all, Cheryl says, "We're living our dream." — KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

Hacienda de Sonoita is located at 34 E. Swanson Road in Sonoita. For more information, call 520-455-5308 or visit www.hacienda-sonoita.com.



TIM FULLER



DICK ARENTZ

Sycamores, Fish Creek, Arizona, 1987

Home Made

Made in Arizona is an impressive exhibit currently on display at the Center for Creative Photography in Tucson. As a continuing celebration of the Arizona Centennial, the show features a diverse range of photographic styles, beginning with government survey photos by Timothy O'Sullivan that were made in 1871. While researching the project, Rebecca Senf, the curator, began to see that the breadth of Arizona photography has a lot to do with an "interrelatedness" between photographers and various institutions. One of those institutions is our own magazine, *Arizona Highways*, which has attracted photographers like Ansel Adams, Laura Gilpin and David Muench, each one bringing an individual style and vision to our pages. In addition, Arizona's universities and community colleges continue to nurture new talent. Former University of Arizona president John Schaefer and Ansel Adams founded the center in 1975. Its mission was — and still is — "to collect prints and materials that are essential to understanding photography and its history, to create new knowledge, and to make them accessible." I've seen the *Made in Arizona* exhibit firsthand, and I think Mr. Adams and Mr. Schaefer would be proud.

— JEFF KIDA, photo editor

PHOTO TIP

Slow Motion

The art of photography is usually described as a way to capture a single moment in time, but sometimes a photo-

graph can document a series of instances in one frame. By using a slow shutter speed, a photographer can capture motion as a subject makes its way across the frame. Whether it's a rushing

river that appears as a smooth flow of water or a bucking bronco that turns into a blur, a slower shutter speed can add a feeling of movement to what is otherwise a static scene.

Enter our monthly caption contest by scanning this QR code or visiting <http://bit.ly/ahmcaptioncontest>.



ADDITIONAL READING

Look for our book *Arizona Highways Photography Guide*, available at bookstores and www.arizonahighways.com/books.



Dairy King

What began as a small farm with 20 cows and a Model T for making deliveries has grown into one of the largest family owned dairies in the United States. This month, Shamrock Farms celebrates 90 years of making milk.

When W.T. McClelland left the rolling green landscape of Ireland to chase his own version of the American dream in Tucson, he had one thing on the brain: cows.

In 1922, he and his wife, Winifred, bought 20 Guernseys, a plot of land and a Model T delivery truck, and began a dairy farm.

Now, 90 years later, Shamrock Farms is well known as one of the largest family owned-and-operated dairies in the United States, and the McClellands' son, Norman, who fondly remembers "growing up on a little dairy farm on the banks of the Rillito River," serves as the company's CEO.

"As Irish immigrants, my parents were proud to be Americans and proud of their business," says Norman McClelland. "They'd certainly be proud of the family business today."

By 1941, the dairy began pasteurizing its products. It had also incorporated milking machines and added a processing plant. The company boasted 35 employees and 15 delivery trucks.

The dairy experienced much of its



Some of Shamrock Farms' original employees gather outside the Tucson plant in the early 1940s.

growth in the decade immediately following World War II. Norman joined the family business in 1949, and, decades later, his son and daughter came on board, as well. Today, Shamrock Farms' Guernseys number more than 10,000.

"In reflecting on 90 years in business, I am most proud of our commitment to

treat employees as family and customers as friends," McClelland says. "Being an Arizona-based business has served Shamrock well. Arizona has had dynamic growth since World War II, and Shamrock has enjoyed success as a dairy and food-service leader."

— KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

this month in history

■ Actor Tom Mix dies on October 12, 1940, when his car crashes at a construction site along State Route 79 near Florence.



■ President William Howard Taft is initiated into the Has-sayampa order of the Masons on October 13, 1909, in Prescott.

■ On October 18, 1931, one of two Santa Fe Railway locomotives is overturned when it hits a cow on a track near Prescott.

■ "Trunk Murderess" Winnie Ruth Judd escapes from the Arizona State Hospital on October 25, 1939.

■ A poll conducted by *The Arizona Republic* in October 1981 reveals that 65 percent of Phoenixians favor a ward system for the City Council.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS 50 Years Ago



It was no small task, but photographer Darwin Van Campen showcased each of the four seasons in October 1962. He traveled from the North Rim to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, into the Kaibab National Forest, to the White Mountains, through Oak Creek Canyon and beyond.

COURTESY OF SHAMROCK FARMS

MARK LIPCZYNSKI



GLOBE

SUSAN ASHCRAFT SAYS SHE ALWAYS FELT A SENSE OF COMMUNITY growing up in Globe. She felt supported, comfortable, home. Maybe it was the earthy smell of rain in the summer, or going for a ride in the family car after a big storm to see if the creek was running. Or maybe it was the peaches, apricots and tomatoes that neighbors shared.

"Neighbors helped each other," says Ashcraft, a former Globe resident. "Businesses supported school projects and events. I remember feeling — even at a very young age — that I was a citizen of Globe, someone who belonged and participated with others who made it a community."

It makes sense. After all, Globe, to the Apaches, is known as *Bésh Baa Gowah*, the "place of metal." A place whose very name reflects a sense of strength. Indeed, Globe is best known for its mines. The Old Dominion Mine held one of the richest copper deposits in U.S. history until it closed in 1931, and Globe is still home to one of the last operating copper smelters in the country.

— KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

FOUNDED	AREA	ELEVATION	COUNTY
1875	18 square miles	3,510 feet	Gila

INFORMATION: City of Globe, www.globeaz.gov

~ dining ~

Dog Heaven

Nothing against Oscar Mayer — he fills a niche — but when it comes to Sonoran-style hot dogs, it doesn't get any better than Chuyito's. And the fact they're sold from a bright-yellow RV only makes them better.

THE GRAPHICS ON THE YELLOW RV let people know that Chuyito's is all about “hot

rio rico

dogs *estile* Sonora.” Sonoran-style hot dogs are common throughout

Southern Arizona, but this is one dog worth waiting for — at least until after 5 p.m., when the Chuyito's *caretta* pulls in at the Chevron station/minimart just west of Interstate 19 in Rio Rico.

Owner Jesus Alberto Ochoa Sr. opened Chuyito's in Rio Rico in 2007. He already had a *taqueria* on the Arizona side of the border in Nogales. He says it was his idea to create the rolling kitchen. “I used to have the RV for my family, but I knew that one day I was going to use it for something else,” Ochoa says.

The RV — it's so yellow, you can't miss it — parks in the lot on Rio Rico Drive Mondays through Saturdays. It then takes about 15 minutes for cook Martin Lopez and order-taker Jonathan Ochoa to set things up and open for business.

While Lopez gets the grill ready at the rear end of the RV, Ochoa, whose uncle owns Chuyito's, sets up two tables and chairs outside the RV. Inside, there are three tables, one with a yellow top, one with a blue top and the other one red.

Ketchup, mustard, salt, two bottles of hot sauce and plenty of napkins are placed on each of the tables, inside and out. Lopez and Ochoa and most of their customers speak Spanish, but it's not difficult to place an order.

Uno for one. *Dos* for two.

It's best to order one at a time, and make it *con todo*.

“With everything” means the bacon-wrapped sausage comes in a bun with beans, onions, cheese, mayonnaise and a grilled chili *caribe*.

Fries, no chips, are also on the menu.

This is no *snap-crackle-pop* dog that needs only a single napkin. Think *splash*, *stumble* and *plop*. It might be best to keep the hot dog in its paper cradle, on the

table, and use a knife and fork.

The fiercely hot chili on the side also requires liquid to help put out the fire.

If *todo* isn't enough, there's a drop-down shelf turned into a condiments bar that includes avocado, mushrooms, cheese and salsa jalapeño, but good luck trying to fit anything else into the bun.

Chuyito's is open until 10:30 p.m. By 6 p.m., people start rolling in — locals, tourists, Border Patrol agents, and fire-fighters from the Rio Rico, Nogales and Tubac fire districts.

Carlos Enriquez and his wife, who live in Rio Rico, opt for an outside table and begin eating just as the sun is going down.

“It's good,” Carlos says between bites. His wife, Marta, looks up and says: “*Bueno. Delicioso.*” — BRUCE ITULE

Chuyito's rolls into the parking lot at the Chevron station just west of Interstate 19 in Rio Rico at approximately 5 p.m., Mondays through Saturdays. The Rio Rico exit is located 10 miles north of Nogales.



TIM FULLER

~ nature ~

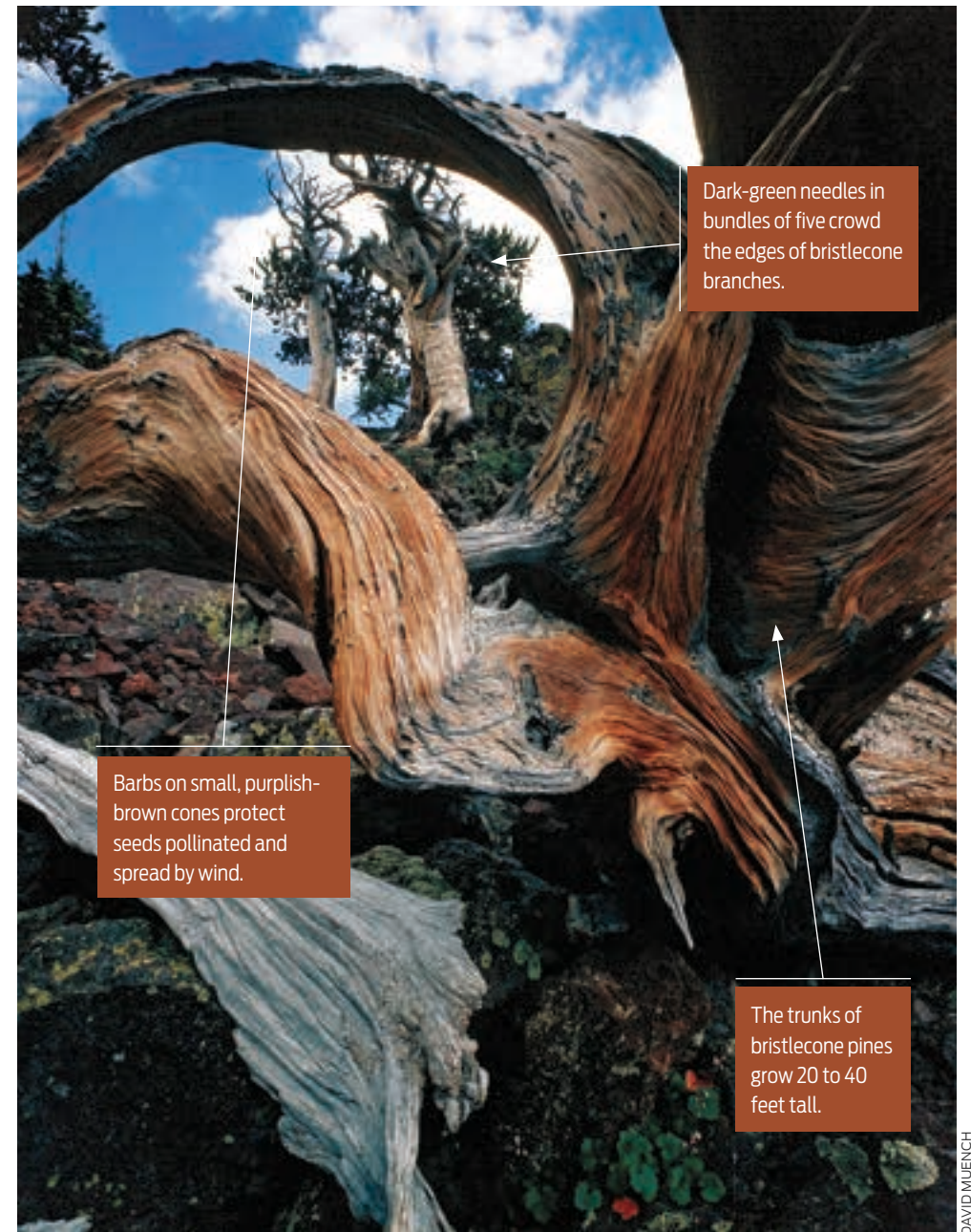
Growing Old

The world's oldest-known tree — a Great Basin bristlecone pine — began stretching toward the sun 4,740 years ago when Egypt's pyramids were being built. Methuselah, named for the oldest person in the Bible, grows in a secret location in eastern California's Inyo National Forest and still yields fertile seeds.

Northern Arizona's San Francisco Peaks harbor an isolated population of Rocky Mountain bristlecone pines, one of two species of this long-lived tree. In 1984, tree rings revealed one specimen in the Flagstaff area to be 1,438 years old — dating to the height of Mayan civilization.

These ancient trees thrive in sub-alpine forests on dry, rocky slopes and ridges ranging from 9,500 to 12,000 feet in elevation. Harsh conditions, such as cold temperatures and acidic, nutrient-poor soil, reduce the risk of fire. They also cause bristlecone pines to grow slowly; after several centuries, their twisted trunks reach a mere 20 to 40 feet tall. On older trees, reddish-brown bark with deep creases abuts dead limbs.

Core samples of bristlecone pines provide insight into Earth's historic climate, as these resilient trees modified their growth patterns based on seasonal and yearly changes throughout millennia. — LEAH DURAN



Dark-green needles in bundles of five crowd the edges of bristlecone branches.

Barbs on small, purplish-brown cones protect seeds pollinated and spread by wind.

The trunks of bristlecone pines grow 20 to 40 feet tall.

DAVID MUECH

nature factoid



BRUCE D. TAUBERT

TARANTULA

Though the tarantula is notorious for its painful bite, its venom is weaker than that of a honeybee, and it's nonfatal to most humans. Tarantulas, which are nocturnal, can be found throughout Arizona and are especially prevalent in saguaro-dominated plant communities. Their meals range from small insects to much larger animals, such as frogs and mice. Their average length is 12 centimeters, and their eight appendages, which are used for grabbing prey in addition to crawling, can grow up to 28 centimeters. The spiders are easily identified by their large brown bodies, which are covered with hair. — RACHEL STIEVE

~ things to do ~

october



BRUCE D. TAUBERT

Birds Workshop

November 9-10, Gilbert

Join wildlife photographer Bruce Taubert at the Gilbert Water Ranch to learn how to photograph wildlife, especially birds. The class will take you through the basics of camera use, lens selection, photographic composition and understanding light. You'll also learn some of the basics of wildlife behavior, including how to get close enough to make great photographs. *Information: 888-790-7042 or www.friendssofzhighways.com*



CHRIS MOONEY

Classic Car Show

October 13, Tucson

With more than 400 cars on hand, including hot rods, classics, custom rides, special-interest cars and more, there's something for the entire family. And don't forget to enter the raffle for a chance to win a 2001 Corvette or \$10,000 cash. *Information: 520-440-4503 or www.tucsonclassicscarshow.com*

Helldorado Days

October 19-21, Tombstone

The Old West comes to life once again as Tombstone celebrates its colorful past. With an entire weekend of family friendly events, visitors can expect plenty of action, including live entertainment (think mock gunfights), dancing, music and a parade. *Information: 520-266-5266 or www.tombstonehelldoradodays.com*

Artists' Studio Tour

October 5-7, Prescott

Inspiration is easy to come by in Prescott, but much more so when 60 artists open up their studios to showcase their art. Expect to find everything from ceramics and woodwork to painting, jewelry and sculpture. *Information: 928-445-2510 or www.prescottstudio tour.com*

Mineral, Gem & Jewelry Show

October 13-14, Sierra Vista

For the past 38 years, this two-day show has been a must-attend event for buyers and sellers. Whether you're on the hunt for loose stones, gems or minerals, or looking for something finished, this show will have it all. Visitors can also take part in demonstrations. *Information: 520-378-6291 or www.huachucamineralandgemclub.info*

Day of the Cowboy

October 13, Gold Canyon

Celebrate the American cowboy at this all-day event. Things kick off with a charity golf tournament, followed by plenty of Wild West-inspired entertainment. Expect live country music, gunfights, hot-air balloon rides, a carnival, vendors and more. *Information: www.dayofthecowboy.co*

Bruce Marion Exhibit

October 5-14, Sedona

Featuring contemporary abstract landscapes of Sedona and Arizona, *Second Nature, First Impressions* is an opportunity to examine the masterful works of artist Bruce Marion. *Information: 928-282-1404 or www.jamesratliffgallery.com*

Taste of Cave Creek

October 17-18, Cave Creek

More than 85 artists from the Sonoran Arts League will be participating in the annual "Taste of Cave Creek" event. Artists will exhibit their finished works and ply their trade for the public to see. *Information: 480-575-6624 or www.sonoranartsleague.org*

IN ARIZONA

Photo ©2012 by Fashion Photographer, Atlanta

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18th Annual Carefree Fine Art & Wine Festival Mar 1-3 • 101 Easy St • Carefree	9th Annual Fountain Hills Fine Art & Wine Affaire Mar 15-17 Ave of the Fountains, Fountain Hills

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RIDE ON!

AUTUMN IS SPECIAL. NOT ONLY IN VERMONT, BUT ALSO HERE IN ARIZONA. THE WEATHER IS BEAUTIFUL. THE LEAVES ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL. AND THE COMBINATION OFFERS A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO GET ON YOUR BIKE AND RIDE. IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR FALL COLOR, THIS STORY WILL STEER YOU IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

BY LORI K. BAKER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER OUMANSKI

INSERT YOUR MOUNTAIN BIKE HERE



PRECEDING PANEL: The Los Burros Trail loops for 13 miles around Wishbone Mountain near McNary at an altitude of approximately 8,000 feet. Bicyclists can expect to share the trail with hikers and horseback-riders. | PAUL GILL

BELOW: The Icehouse Trail in the Pinal Mountains is an exciting-but-difficult route with a lot of ups and downs for 9 solid miles. | PAUL GILL

Fall is the season of choice for cyclists. The gusts of cool air, wheels churning over a forest floor carpeted with aspen leaves, serene silence punctuated by the shifting of gears, the startling beauty that arrives at the end of summer in a blaze of red, yellow and orange foliage. It's all right here in Arizona, a state that's often stereotyped as having only one season: summer. But up in the high country, aspens are turning gold this month, and maples, sumacs, oaks and sycamores are festooned

in their own fall finery. To get a firsthand look, two-wheel-touring is the way to go. As Ernest Hemingway wrote in an article for *Collier's*, "You have no such accurate remembrance of country you have driven through as you gain by riding a bicycle." Enough said.

LOS BURROS TRAIL | McNary

Like the forests around Flagstaff, the White Mountains offer all kinds of fall color. On the Los Burros Trail, it's the aspens that stand out most, their leaves ablaze in gold, offering a colorful contrast to the towering spruce, pines and firs. The trail, which loops around Wishbone Mountain near McNary, is ideal for hikers, bikers and horseback-riders. Wildlife is drawn to this route, too. In addition to fall foliage, look for chance encounters with elk, mule deer and the occasional black bear.

DISTANCE: 13 miles round-trip

RATING: Moderate

DIRECTIONS: From McNary, drive north on Forest Road 224 for 18 miles to Vernon. From there, continue for approximately 8 miles to the Los Burros Campground. The trailhead is located at the far end of the campground.

INFORMATION: Lakeside Ranger District, 928-368-2100 or www.fs.usda.gov/asnf

you'll want to classify the Icehouse Trail as "don't even think about it." But for the adventurous few who've already gained a Zen-like mastery over their mountain bikes, this trail can be like a roller-coaster ride that makes grown-ups (in helmets and full-body protection, of course) want to shout like a kid: "Let's do it again!" The trek goes from desert scrub in the lower elevations to colorful stands of maples, sumacs, walnuts and aspens in the higher elevations. It's an amazing ride, but as Paul Burghard of the Globe Ranger District says, "You might be too busy hanging on for dear life to even notice the trees."

DISTANCE: 9 miles round-trip

RATING: Difficult

DIRECTIONS: From Globe, follow the signs toward Besh-Ba-Gowah Pueblo Ruins. Just past the turnoff, turn right onto Icehouse Canyon Road and continue 1.7 miles to the intersection of forest roads 112 and 55. Continue straight for 2.5 miles, then turn left at the sign for trails 197 and 192. From there, drive a quarter-mile to the Icehouse CCC Recreation Site.

INFORMATION: Globe Ranger District, 928-402-6200 or www.fs.usda.gov/tonto

ICEHOUSE TRAIL | Pinal Mountains

Unless you're a highly skilled and experienced mountain-biker,





LEFT: West Lake Trail and Balancing Rock Trail are two popular routes in the Granite Basin Recreation Area. | PAUL GILL

RIGHT: Golden aspens form a high backdrop for riders along Hart Prairie Road near Flagstaff. | DAWN KISH

GRANITE BASIN RECREATION AREA | Prescott

Fall is a beautiful time to explore Prescott's scenic beauty, especially along smooth and meandering paths such as the West Lake Trail, which leads past scattered stands of piñon pines, alligator junipers and granite boulders. You'll also see Granite Mountain looming on the horizon. Travel clockwise for an easier ride, or counterclockwise if you'd like to burn some extra calories. The easy single-track trail measures less than 2 miles and connects with the Balancing Rock Trail. Both routes are popular with equestrians, so mountain-bikers are encouraged to exercise caution and avoid wearing headphones that can hinder an awareness of their surroundings.

DISTANCE: 1.5 miles one way (West Lake Trail); 3.2 miles one way (Balancing Rock Trail)

RATING: Easy to moderate

DIRECTIONS: From its intersection with Willow Creek Road in Prescott, drive northwest on Iron Springs Road for 3 miles, turn right onto

Granite Basin Road, and continue 2.4 miles to the Cayuse Equestrian Trailhead on the right. From there, drive 0.1 miles to the parking area.

INFORMATION: Bradshaw Ranger District, 928-443-8000 or www.fs.usda.gov/prescott

URBAN TRAILS SYSTEM | Flagstaff

When it comes to city routes, nothing beats Flagstaff's Urban Trails System (FUTS), a network of nonmotorized pathways ideal for two-wheel touring. According to Martin Ince, the city's multimodal transportation planner, one of the best routes for fall is the 2-mile Buffalo Park Loop, which rambles over an expansive mesa of native grasslands that includes panoramic views of the San Francisco Peaks. Another great option is the 5.7-mile Sinclair Wash Trail, which travels north from Fort Tuthill County Park through a rural area of open grasslands and ponderosa pines and down to a verdant limestone-walled canyon. A third

route is the 3.6-mile Karen Cooper Trail, which begins at Wheeler Park in downtown Flagstaff and winds past willow-lined riparian wetlands, stands of mature ponderosa pines and thickets of oaks.

DISTANCE: Variable

RATING: Easy

DIRECTIONS: The trails can be accessed at various points throughout Flagstaff.

INFORMATION: Flagstaff Visitor Center, 800-379-0065 or www.flagstaffarizona.org

HART PRAIRIE ROAD | Flagstaff

For fall color in Arizona, it doesn't get any better than Hart Prairie Road (Forest Road 151) near Flagstaff. About a mile into the route, where the dirt road crests a hill, riders will get their first glimpse of the forest's spectacular golden aspens, which are surrounded by a sea of forest-green pines. A half-mile later, the San Francisco Peaks, flanked by meadows and golden plumes of aspens, come into view. Although fall color takes

center stage on this route, it's also a great place to see elk and mule deer, and maybe a bear.

DISTANCE: 10 miles one way

RATING: Easy to moderate

DIRECTIONS: From Flagstaff, drive west on U.S. Route 180 for approximately 10 miles, and turn right onto Hart Prairie Road (Forest Road 151), which is just before Milepost 226. Continue on FR 151 for approximately 8 miles to the intersection of Forest Road 418, veer left to stay on FR 151, and continue approximately 2 miles to U.S. 180.

INFORMATION: Flagstaff Ranger District, 928-526-0866 or www.fs.usda.gov/coconino

NORTH RIM PARKWAY | Kaibab Plateau

Designated a National Scenic Byway in 1998, this 44-mile trek begins at Jacob Lake and winds through fragrant pine forests beneath a vault of turquoise sky, over grassy meadows and past groves of quaking aspens ablaze in gold.





LEFT: Aspens line the North Rim Parkway. Riders should be equipped for cold temperatures on this route, which closes in November. | PAUL GILL

ABOVE: The northern portion of the Patagonia-Sonoita Scenic Byway passes through the Empire Mountains. | RANDY PRENTICE

It's also one of the few places in the world where you might catch a glimpse of a Kaibab squirrel, a shy sprite known for the tufts of long hair on its ears and its white, bushy tail. For the grand finale, the route ends at the historic stone-and-log Grand Canyon Lodge, which includes a terrace that invites weary cyclists to linger and enjoy sweeping panoramas of the Grand Canyon.

DISTANCE: 44 miles one way

RATING: Easy to moderate

DIRECTIONS: From Flagstaff, drive north on U.S. Route 89 for 110 miles to U.S. Route 89A (25 miles south of Page). Drive west on U.S. 89A for 55 miles to Jacob Lake. The scenic drive starts on State Route 67 at Jacob Lake and continues for 30 miles to the entrance of Grand Canyon National Park. The rim itself is 14 miles farther south.

INFORMATION: North Kaibab Ranger District, 928-643-7395 or www.fs.usda.gov/kaibab

PATAGONIA-SONOITA SCENIC BYWAY | Santa Cruz County

This scenic byway, which begins about 20 miles east of Tucson and ends in the old ranch town of Sonoita, features rolling grasslands, windmills that pivot lazily along hillsides, and two of the largest ranches in the history of the West: the family owned San Ignacio del Babacomari land grant and the legendary Empire Ranch, which was established in the 1860s and grew to more than a million acres by the turn of the 20th century. In addition to their aesthetic benefits, the grasslands have lent authenticity to movies that run the gamut from *Oklahoma!* and *Red River* to *Tin Cup* and *Young Guns*. Although this route is more about "fall air" than "fall color," there will be autumn leaves farther south in Patagonia, where the cottonwoods along the San Pedro River



“THE CRAVING FOR COLOUR IS A NATURAL NECESSITY JUST AS FOR WATER AND FIRE. COLOUR IS A RAW MATERIAL INDISPENSABLE TO LIFE. AT EVERY ERA OF HIS EXISTENCE AND HIS HISTORY, THE HUMAN BEING HAS ASSOCIATED COLOUR WITH HIS JOYS, HIS ACTIONS AND HIS PLEASURES.” – FERNAND LÉGER



ABOVE: The Grant Hill Loop Trail, which follows old logging roads in the Pinaleno Mountains, is a difficult ride, covering almost 6 miles. | PAUL GILL

ABOVE, RIGHT: The San Francisco Peaks portion of the Arizona Trail, north of Flagstaff, offers riders a diversity of fall colors. | PAUL GILL



sparkle in bright yellows.

DISTANCE: 27 miles one way

RATING: Easy to moderate

DIRECTIONS: From Tucson, drive east on Interstate 10 to Exit 281, which connects to State Route 83. Continue south on SR 83 for 27 miles to Patagonia.

INFORMATION: Sonoita/Elgin Chamber of Commerce, 520-455-5498 or www.sonoitaelginchamber.org

GRANT HILL LOOP TRAIL | Pinaleno Mountains

For adventurous types who like to get their fall color fix by riding through the woods, and negotiating twists and turns and roots and rocks, take note: The Grant Hill Loop Trail and the adjoining Cunningham Loop Trail in the Pinaleno Mountains near Safford were designed with the mountain-biker in mind. The trails are made up of old logging roads and new paths that wind through a mixed conifer forest of Douglas firs, white firs, Engelmann spruce and aspens. Located at an elevation

of more than 9,000 feet, the first (easternmost) logging road offers sweeping vistas of Sulphur Springs Valley, Fort Grant and the Galiuro Mountains. If you're looking for a more challenging route, ride the Grant Hill Loop Trail in a counter-clockwise direction. You also have the option of venturing down the Cunningham Loop Trail, which crosses a few small drainages and Grant Creek.

DISTANCE: 5.9 miles one way (Grant Hill Loop); 5.6 miles one way (Cunningham Loop)

RATING: Difficult

DIRECTIONS: From Safford, drive south on U.S. Route 191 for 8 miles to State Route 366 (the Swift Trail). Turn right onto the Swift Trail and continue 23.5 miles past the Hospital Flat Campground to the Grant Hill Loop trailhead.

INFORMATION: Safford Ranger District, 928-428-4150 or www.fs.usda.gov/coronado

ARIZONA TRAIL | San Francisco Peaks Segment

If you've been thinking about tack-

ling a piece of the 819-mile Arizona Trail, be sure to consider Segment No. 34 — the San Francisco Peaks segment — in the fall. In addition to the golden aspens, it's a Technicolor tour of gorgeous three-leaf sumacs and box elders decked out in golds and reds. The route also offers a sweeping 360-degree vista that includes Humphreys Peak, the highest point in Arizona; Kendrick Peak hugging the horizon; and The Nature Conservancy's Hart Prairie Preserve below. The trail, which begins on Snowbowl Road and ends where the Arizona Trail intersects Forest Road 418, is a favorite of Shawn Redfield, the trail director of the Arizona Trail Association.

DISTANCE: 7.5 miles one way

RATING: Easy to moderate

DIRECTIONS: From Flagstaff, drive north on U.S. Route 180 for 7 miles to Forest Road 516 (Snowbowl Road), turn right and continue another 5.1 miles to the parking area.

INFORMATION: Flagstaff Ranger District, 928-526-0866 or www.fs.usda.gov/coconino; Arizona Trail Association, www.aztrail.org **AH**

WHERE THE BODIES ARE BURIED

It's October. The time of year when sweatshirts replace T-shirts, when pumpkins go on sale, and when little ghosts and goblins gear up to go trick-or-treating. In the spirit of the season, we sent one of our most ambitious photographers on a grave pursuit. Literally. His mission: to photograph cemeteries in every county of the state. Two thousand, six hundred and seventy-six miles later, mission accomplished.

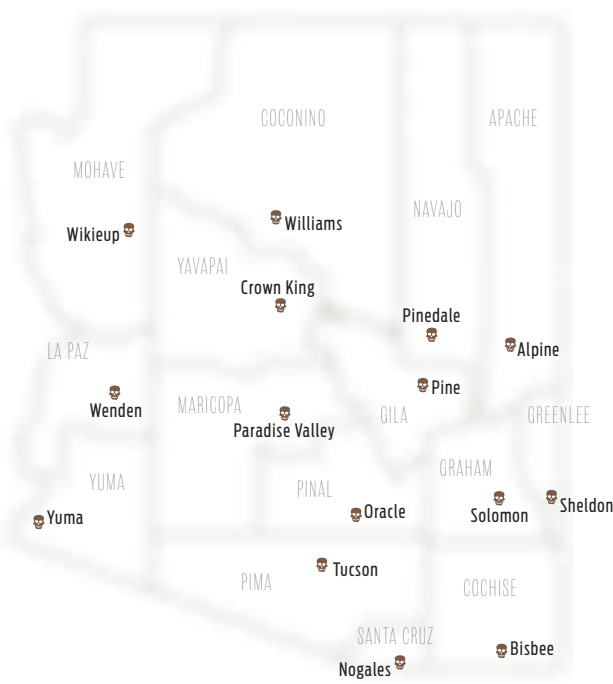
A PORTFOLIO BY MARK LIPCZYNSKI



ABOVE: A stone cherub rests in grass at Oracle Cemetery in Pinal County.
RIGHT: A single gravestone sits amid pine trees in a section of Williams Cemetery.



BONEYARDS, ARIZONA.



PINE CEMETERY

Location: Pine
County: Gila
Year Established: 1881

"I don't have any eerie incidents to report from the Pine Cemetery," Lipczynski says. "The blurred effect in most of my images is achieved by a tilt-shift lens. Many photo nerds will know what this is. It's made specifically for architectural photography, but it can be creatively adapted to isolate a point of interest in a picture, throwing the rest way out of focus."



YUMA TERRITORIAL PRISON CEMETERY

Location: Yuma
County: Yuma
Year Established: 1876

"The Yuma Territorial Prison Cemetery was my favorite, and I saved it for last because I really wanted to spend some time there," Lipczynski says. "I also wanted to shoot it after dark. It's the only cemetery I photographed after dark. When I first read about this place, it made me sad to think that the people buried there probably had very lonely and empty lives that ended in lonely, unmarked graves. I say it was my favorite because, for me, it had the most powerful energy."

EVERGREEN CEMETERY

Location: Bisbee
County: Cochise
Year Established: 1912

"I stitched together three shots to create this panorama of Evergreen Cemetery," says photographer Mark Lipczynski. "I converted the shot because there's so much information in the panorama; I thought black and white would simplify the image and make it easier to look at. Nothing strange happened here. This was made on Memorial Day weekend, so I think most of the ghosts took the day off."



SANDY CEMETERY

Location: near Wikeup
County: Mohave
Year Established: 1890

"This was a tough one," Lipczynski says. "I spent close to two hours driving on primitive dirt roads, trying to find another cemetery. I stopped to get gas and asked the clerk where to find Sandy Cemetery and was promptly met with, 'Who wants to know?' I explained what I was doing, and the clerk pointed me in the right direction. I blew right past the cemetery, but finally found it. Daisy's was an old headstone that I noticed tucked under a bush. I don't know what kind of bush it was, but I liked how the branches enveloped the headstone and the way the colors turned out in the final shot."



PINEDALE CEMETERY

Location: Pinedale
County: Navajo
Year Established: 1888

"One of the things I noticed about the cemeteries I photographed is that many of the graves were being reclaimed by the earth," Lipczynski says. "I took that to mean that no surviving relatives were around to maintain the graves, leaving them to decay and soon be forgotten. This lonesome, deteriorating bench left out in the elements in the Pinedale Cemetery was a symbol of that lonely and forgotten fate."

SOLOMON CEMETERY

Location: Solomon
County: Graham
Year Established: 1870s

"I loved this cemetery," Lipczynski says. "It was so serene, peaceful and beautiful. I journaled about it after I visited, because it touched me deeply. The sun was setting, and there were a lot of busy birds flying in, resting for a moment, then going off again. I watched one in particular dive down below the horizon of the mesa, then come back up and hover overhead before going back down. I wanted to get it into the shot. I made several unsuccessful attempts; then, as I was getting ready to leave, all the pieces lined up, and the bird flew overhead in just the right spot."





WENDEN CEMETERY

Location: Wenden
County: La Paz
Year Established: 1916

"I don't know the technical term for the grave pictured here, but I had never seen one like it before," Lipczynski says. "It was unique to me, so I honed right in on it. The rest of the cemetery was flat, dusty and just baking in the sun. One end of the cemetery backed up to someone's residence. That was a challenge, because I wanted all the cemeteries to be void of any signs of modern life."



**CROWN KING
MAIN CEMETERY**

Location: Crown king
County: Yavapai
Year Established:
circa 1898

"When I found this cemetery, it was already late in the day, and the sun was getting into a low position, with about four hours before it set," Lipczynski says. "I didn't have to wait long before I got this shot. I just kept shooting everything around me that looked interesting. I remember it was very buggy there. Flies were buzzing around me wherever I went, and there were a lot of ants. That was a little disconcerting to me."

**CALABASAS
CEMETERY**

Location: Nogales
County: Santa Cruz
Year Established: 1756

"I had a film camera with tungsten-balanced film in it when I arrived at the Nogales Cemetery," Lipczynski says. "I knew that the tungsten film would give a bluish hue to the shots made in the daylight. So, to match, I converted my digital images to have the same or similar color cast as the film exposures. It would have worked if I had processed the film on time. I should mention that there was a decapitated chicken in a plastic bag sitting on the ground just under the arch that greets visitors to this cemetery. It was very disturbing."



**WILLIAMS CEMETERY
(MOUNTAIN VIEW)**

Location: Williams
County: Coconino
Year Established: 1845

"The Williams Cemetery is where my digital camera started acting wonky," Lipczynski says. "I was struggling to find something unique at this location. I had driven around the worn paths that navigate this cemetery, trying to come up with creative solutions. Here, I used a filter to reflect objects behind me into the lens while the camera was pointed forward, focused on the statue. So, the treetops you see to the left of the statue are actually a reflection of trees and sky behind me."



SHELDON CEMETERY

Location: Sheldon
County: Greenlee
Year Established: 1915

"As I was leaving this cemetery, I noticed the monument rising above almost everything around it, making it a strong focal point," Lipczynski says. "I stopped my car and got out so I could get low to the ground to emphasize the monument even more. I set the camera on the ground to include the sun, and dialed my aperture down to f/22 to make the sunburst."

ALPINE CITY CEMETERY

Location: Alpine
County: Apache
Year Established: 1871

"This photograph is actually a vignette of the entire grounds," Lipczynski says. "I liked many of the shots I made in Alpine, this one included. There wasn't anything particularly creepy about the cemetery. It felt peaceful and very quiet."



CAMELBACK CEMETERY

Location: Paradise Valley
County: Maricopa
Year Established: 1916

"I used the angel headstone in several shots that I was playing with during my time at this cemetery," Lipczynski says. "It wasn't until the sun started setting that I made a connection between the angel on the headstone and the light on the distant house. The scene is symbolic of an angel moving toward the light, the light being a representation of heaven or God or afterlife."



ORACLE CEMETERY

Location: Oracle
County: Pinal
Year Established: 1904

"The Oracle Cemetery is really a neat place because there are actually levels of burials on the grounds, and there are primitive staircases for people to use to get to the different levels," Lipczynski says. "The thing that drew me to this spot is that gnarly looking tree. I wanted to incorporate that into a shot and, luckily, the headstones are situated in a spot that makes for a balanced composition." **AH**

TANQUE VERDE RANCH CEMETERY

Location: Tucson
County: Pima
Year Established: 1868

"This cemetery was very small and very old," Lipczynski says. "The two crosses side by side make a great focal point, and the landscape behind it really makes it feel isolated — like it's far removed from civilization. It's the sort of place that might show up in an old Western movie."



THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

Copper Queen, Crystal Palace, Zane Grey ...
when it comes to old saloons — the kind you'd see
in a classic Western — Arizona offers some of the
most interesting places to get water for your horses,
whiskey for your men or just a cold bottle of sarsaparilla.
What follows are seven of the best.

BY KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER & KATHY RITCHIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES BARBEY



CRYSTAL
PALACE
SALOON,
TOMBSTONE



1 CRYSTAL PALACE SALOON, TOMBSTONE

There's a reason Tombstone's Crystal Palace is known as "The Most Famous Saloon in the West." Much of it has to do with its history. When it opened in 1879, the Crystal Palace was known as the Golden Eagle Brewery. Then, in 1881, Virgil Earp was shot as he walked toward the Golden Eagle's front door. From that moment on, the bar was famous. Or, rather, infamous. Earp survived and returned to the Golden Eagle — his office was housed in the building — and Ike and Phin Clanton were arrested for the attack. Though the Golden Eagle became the Crystal Palace, and the building's façade had changed over the years, eventually it was restored to its original appearance and it remains one of Tombstone's favorite watering holes. *Information: 436 E. Allen Street, 520-457-3611 or www.crystalpalacesaloon.com*

2 PAUL & JERRY'S, JEROME

When it comes to saloons in this former mining town, the Spirit Room gets most of the attention. It's lively and iconic,

but it's not the only place to enjoy a cold one or a shot of history. Just down Main Street sits Paul & Jerry's Saloon. Built in 1899, it was originally called Senate Saloon, and at one time it was a hotbed for gambling — Jerome, after all, was dubbed "The Wickedest Town in the West" by the *New York Sun*. In 1939, Paul Vojnic took over and called the place Kentucky Buffet. He eventually bought the building and renamed the saloon Paul & Jerry's. Since then, the place has stayed in the same family, making it the oldest family owned bar in Arizona. *Information: 206 Main Street, 928-634-2603*

3 ZANE GREY BARROOM, FLAGSTAFF

When John Weatherford opened the doors to his Flagstaff hotel in 1900, he considered it one of the grandest establishments in the West. Today, the hotel's Zane Grey Barroom pays homage to its famous literary patron and treats guests to a full menu of beverages. There are a lot of things to love about Zane Grey, including the fact that it's located on the top floor of the Weatherford, where its deck offers broad

views of downtown Flagstaff. It's cool in the summer, cozy in the winter and reflective of the hotel's history and charm. *Information: 23 N. Leroux Street, 928-779-1919 or www.weatherfordhotel.com*

4 PALACE SALOON, PRESCOTT

The Palace wasn't a typical frontier saloon. Built in 1877, it was designed "in the most superb style and fitted with choice liquors of every conceivable kind." No wonder Wyatt and Virgil Earp, Doc Holliday and Big Nose Kate frequented the Palace. Unfortunately, fire struck in 1883, and the saloon was destroyed. Although it was rebuilt, another blaze roared through town about 20 years later, and once again the Palace was destroyed — almost. Loyal patrons managed to carry the mahogany Brunswick bar across the street, where drinks





DRIFT INN,
GLOBE

continued to be served. The Palace reopened its doors in 1901 to glorious reviews. *The Prescott Journal Miner* called it “the most elegant in this part of the country.” Time eventually took its toll, but the Palace has since been restored to its former neoclassical glory — Brunswick bar and all. *Information: 120 S. Montezuma Street, 928-541-1996 or www.historicpalace.com*

5 DRIFT INN, GLOBE

Just as the Copper Queen (see No. 7) brought a dose of nightlife to Bisbee, its counterpart in Globe did the same. When it opened in 1902, the Drift Inn was a favorite among miners. Today, it’s a fixture along Globe’s Broad Street, and in addition to beer and cocktails, it’s known for another kind of spirit: ghosts. Some photographs made in the Drift Inn feature inexplicable

orbs and bursts of light, and visitors have reported seeing bar stools flip and apparitions on the upper floors. That’s why, according to an article in the *Globe-Miami* newspaper, ghost-hunters from around the world have visited the saloon in search of specters. While it’s not certain whether or not you’ll bump into something that goes bump in the night, you will experience a bit of history at the Drift Inn. It’s one of the oldest continuously operating saloons in Arizona. *Information: 636 N. Broad Street, 928-425-9573 or www.driftnnsaloon.com*

6 GRAND HOTEL, BISBEE

Time has a way of standing still when you visit the Bisbee Grand Saloon, located next to the Bisbee Grand Hotel. Built in 1906, the saloon’s antique back-bar fixture actually predates the building itself. That’s because



GRAND
HOTEL,
BISBEE

“IT’S ONLY
HALF-PAST
TWELVE, BUT
I DON’T CARE.
IT’S FIVE-
O’CLOCK
SOMEWHERE.”

— JIM BROWN
& DON ROLLINS

the piece, which dates back to the 1880s, was hauled from Tombstone’s Pony Bar to Bisbee. In addition to the back-bar, the saloon still maintains much of its original look and feel, thanks to the pressed-tin tiles that line the ceiling and the Victorian wallpaper. And like so many other Western saloons, this place is said to be haunted. Ladies beware: Its ghost tends to linger near the women’s restroom. *Information: 61 Main Street, 520-432-5900 or www.bisbeegrandhotel.com*

7 COPPER QUEEN SALOON, BISBEE

In the early part of the 20th century, Bisbee was the largest city between St. Louis and San Francisco. To accommodate the masses, Phelps Dodge built the Copper Queen Hotel. When it opened in 1902, its saloon had seating for 12 people. The rest of the space was devoted to offices for



COPPER
QUEEN
SALOON,
BISBEE

Western Union, the land surveyor and the Bisbee Chamber of Commerce. Today, the saloon has room for up to 50 people, and it retains one of its original pieces of art: a century-old painting of English stage actress Lillie Langtry. *Information: 11 Howell Avenue, 520-432-2216 or www.copperqueen.com* **AH**

THE HIGH LONESOME

Our favorite cowboy storyteller reflects on his boyhood home in Apache County — the 175-square-mile High Lonesome ranch. Located at an elevation of 7,000 feet, the place is high, wide and dry, but the characters Joe Brown grew up with were full of color.

AN ESSAY BY J.P.S. BROWN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRIS GALL

In August 1940, the year I turned 10, my parents, Vivian D. and Mildred Sorrells Brown, threw in with cattlemen Herb Cunningham and Roy Adams, and Nogales banker Wirt Bowman, and bought the 175-square-mile High Lonesome ranch in Eastern Arizona. The ranch sits in Apache County, 18 miles south of Sanders and 35 miles north of St. Johns. Vivian took over as manager, sold our home in Nogales and moved us to the ranch. The place had been part of the Aztec Land and Cattle Co. Its mean altitude is 7,000 feet; the ground is sandy loam, the trees are Utah junipers, which we call “cedars,” and piñons, short pine trees that yield sweet nuts. The place is high, wide and dry. Adams, Cunningham, Bowman and Brown erected windmills on 12 new wells in the first year.

I was a boarder student at Saint Michaels in Santa Fe, New Mexico. When school let out, I caught the train from Lamy, New Mexico, to Chambers, Arizona, where Mildred and my little sister Sharon met me. We received our mail at Sanders a few miles east of Chambers on U.S. Route 66. On our way to the ranch, we stopped there and I met Clarence “Hop” Balcomb, the postmaster. The post office, the only telephone in the region, a mercantile store and a gas station were all parts of a trading post owned by Hop. He had ridden broncs for the Aztec. Both his legs had been ruined by broncs. He used crutches to get around and drank a lot of beer. His store was right beside Route 66, between Holbrook, Arizona, and Gallup, New Mexico. His customers were tourists who came to see the West, refugees of the Dust Bowl on their way to California, a few ranchers and miners, and a lot of Navajo Indians. He spoke Navajo as well as a tribesman, and traded his wares for their blankets and jewelry.

We found him in a trade with a tiny Navajo lady who had spread a bright,





new rug in the middle of the floor and scattered turquoise and silver rings, bracelets and earrings over it. After a while he left his chair to open another bottle of beer and attend to us.

Jalopies piled high with furniture and loaded to the gunwales with poor families clattered by on Route 66. Some stopped at the store to stretch their legs, buy soda pop and trade Hop out of his gasoline. My mother said they were Oklahomans who had lost their outfits to drought and dust storms and were on their way to work in the fields and orchards of California. Hop said they didn't argue over his price, but on this last leg to California they traded their last and most precious belongings for gasoline.

The High Lonesome doesn't have a steep place on it. The loamy ground is so soft we didn't have to shoe our saddle horses. The ridges are spotted with plots of small, jewel-like rocks that were washed round and smooth centuries ago under the sea. We found small, whole seashells that must have been thousands of years old. Petrified wood lay everywhere.

In those days, the place was spotted with dozens of prairie-dog towns. The audacious creatures stood 5 inches tall by their holes with their hands on their chests, looked us in the eye, dared us to attack, and chattered their derision. They're all gone now.

Nogales had been full of birds that bunched in big trees and sang together all the time. Birds on the High Lonesome lived far apart and sang solo. I heard the song of a meadowlark for the first time. Her yellow breast discovered her to me from inside the turpentine and sagebrush. The air was so clear, the great space of that ranch so clean, I heard her song a half-mile away. Every so often, some old hawk would whistle at us from way, way up high.

Our well water was delicious, pure and cold. Even the dust in the draws and on the ridges was clean. The snap of the air in the early hours made me wince. I hoped it would make me grow. I had boxed in the 65-pound class at Saint Michaels that spring, and I thought of myself as a runt.

I began to ride my horse, Pancho, to receive cattle at the stockyards in Chambers, drive them 25 miles to the ranch, and locate them in pastures. By the time we had located a new bunch in its pasture, another arrived at Chambers. I liked the dust the herd brought up out of the ground as much as I did the wide open sky.

We ran 2,600 Corriente cows and 1,100 steers, the common, native Mexican cattle that the partners bought in Chihuahua. Most of the cows had been separated from their calves in Mexico, but some bore late calves on the High Lonesome. To me, a little feller licked clean by his mammy who bucked and bawled at the sight of me was more than a unit of merchandise. He was a little brother.

Viv hired two crews of Navajos, a fencing crew and a crew that built hogans — the mud and cedar Navajo houses. Everybody on the ranch lived in hogans. My family and I lived at headquarters, and the cowboys

camped on the windmills to be near the water and livestock in the outer pastures.

At headquarters, the crew built three hogans in a wide open V with rooms that joined them together into one house. They were octagonal with peeled-and-varnished cedar beams and ceilings inside. Hogans on the reservation have round, dirt roofs, but Jim Porter, our maintenance man, erected peaked, triangular roofs of lumber with sand and oilpaper shingles. He built a two-story building beside the windmill at headquarters that held up our water tank and gave us two more bedrooms and a bathroom. The windmill pumped water for our home and corrals into a tank on top of the building. The overflow from that tank was caught by a 10,000-gallon tank that provided water for the cattle and a swimming pool for us. The water was so cold and hard that we bounced when we jumped in.

Jim Porter, a combat veteran of World War I in France, stood 6 feet 4 inches, weighed 160 pounds and used few words. He kept the windmills, construction and gasoline engines working. He knew the ranch well, because he had camped on it with his uncle Burr Porter's sheep. Adams, Cunningham, Bowman and Brown had bought the ranch from Burr. Jim could do anything on that ranch that needed to be done, except cowboy. He wore a snap brim hat, khaki clothes and brogan shoes. He said little during the day's work, but liked conversation with an after-supper cigarette. In one conversation, he told us that an 8-inch shell had landed, unexploded, only 6 feet from his post in a trench in France.

Small, thin, wiry Cap Maben was our oldest cowboy, and also

a combat veteran of World War I in France. He had been raised at Fence Lake, just over the New Mexico line from our ranch. The High Lonesome's eastern border lay along the New Mexico-Arizona line. Cap wore a deformed black hat, khaki shirt, khaki trousers with cuffs, and high-heeled, high-topped boots. His laugh sounded like the death rattle of a strangled rooster. He did not stop talking from the time he climbed out of his bed-roll in the morning until he pulled the covers back over his bald head at night.

He was the best camp cook of the many cooks that I have ever known, and made huge, soft, golden sourdough biscuits with every meal. With butter melted inside them and with common syrup that cowboys just call "lick," they were better than any fancy dessert anybody ever knew. He was a fine cowman and an even better horseman. He could teach a young horse to climb the roof of a hogan without hurting himself, if he wanted to. However, he had to be well broke when Cap took him to ride. All the buck had to have been ridden out of him by a youngster like me. He was always at the right place at the right time during any of the work, but he could not stand 5 feet away and catch a rain barrel with a rope. He could not throw a loop over a fence without tangling it. But he could catch his hat, because it always got in the way when he swung a loop.

Jim and Cap were bachelors. In those days, dedicated cowboys who worked for wages didn't marry, because sweethearts were hard to find near their camps. They worked way out where the sun set between them and women. Their work was more important than wooing. This did not mean that they did not like women, because they did. They brightened when they were near Mildred and Sharon, and they would not cuss within the hearing of any woman. Their lady friends worked in the Winslow and Gallup bawdyhouses. The cowboys often stayed on the ranch for a year or more, but when they went to town, they stayed a month. They always returned full of glee and with new spring in their broken, old, bachelor steps.

Grover Kane was our other cowboy. Only 16 years old, he had already cowboied with a crew on a Wyoming wagon for two seasons. Like me, he learned his Spanish from *vaqueros* in Santa Cruz County and Sonora at the same time he learned English. He came to the ranch from Patagonia before Cap came to work. He received the first 1,100 big, Chihuahua steers that Viv and Mildred sent from El Paso early in the spring, and he drove them to the ranch with Navajo help. Then, by himself, he located the steers in their pastures and doctored them for ailments they had suffered in shipping.

I say that cowboys fly. Some fly more often than others, some higher than others, but they all take wing when they find themselves in the big middle of an astoundingly lucky, risky and perfect performance of cowboy skills. Grover could already do anything a cowboy needs to do. He often flew when he rode horseback to turn back the bovine, but he could also stay on the ground, put on his brogans, fix fence and windmills, dig postholes, and service pump engines. I camped with him months at a time. He baked good baking-powder biscuits every morning and taught me to keep a clean camp.

Hoska Kronemeyer, a Navajo, supervised construction of the hogans. Later, his wife, Caroline Goldtooth, worked for Mildred. Viv always consulted "Hosky" when he did business with the Navajos.

All the High Lonesome hands respected him and valued his advice.

Charlie Redhouse led the Navajo fence crew. One day Sharon and I rode out with Viv to the fence line, where we saw tall, thin Charlie for the first time. The crew worked bareheaded under a dry, June sun, their black hair and russet faces and hands wet and shiny with sweat. Some cut cedar posts out of the trees. Others strung barbed wire and dug postholes.

Sharon and I watched Charlie cut a big corner post out of a cedar. He accompanied effortless, rhythmic strokes of his ax with gentle grunts. Big chips tumbled and curled out of the post's heart.

That crew worked from sunup to sundown every day with no day off. Each man cut more than 100 posts a day. In later visits, I never saw those men make a tired move, not even when they turned away from the work and walked to camp in the evening.

The crew camped on the ground where it finished the day's work. While Sharon and I were there that first time, it broke for lunch and gave us fry bread. Later, Charlie sat on the ground and sharpened his ax with a pink slab of sandstone he found on the fence line. Sharon and I stared. One of the other Navajos said something to Charlie in a deep murmur, then looked at us with no smile. The look was that of a strong and dignified man who required that children be polite enough not to stare at a man at work.

Charlie then gave us a look that scared the peewadding out of Sharon. She was still scared when we got home. We used kerosene lamps. Ever after that I could scare my little sister by mentioning that I had just seen Charlie Redhouse's face pass by in the shadows of the night outside our lamplight.

I knew Charlie for 14 years, and he never spoke a word to me. To speak his mind, he only ever gave me a look. He pitched for our Puerco River Athletic Baseball Club. Walter Marty was our stalwart catcher, but once in a while I substituted him. Charlie always pitched the whole nine innings. I caught two of his games, but even then he spoke not a word.

One day, Jim Porter climbed the windmill tower at headquarters to work on the gears in the fan. Charlie stood by on the ground to help. When Jim wanted a tool, Charlie tied it to a light cotton rope and Jim pulled it up. Once, while Jim had a long leg hooked over the edge of the platform so he could lay out in space to do his job, Charlie sent up the wrong tool. Jim was ordinarily a patient man, but that day, after hanging upside down too long 50 feet above the ground, he shouted a stream of cuss words, threw away the wrong tool, demanded the right tool, and waited.

Charlie always tugged on the rope as a signal for Jim to pull up the tool. Jim waited for the tug. He always cooled off quickly. He felt bad that he had cussed. He hoped Charlie wasn't offended.

"Find that tool, Charlie?" he asked. He didn't look down, because that was too hard to do.

"Charlie, are you there?" he asked and finally looked down and saw no Charlie. He straightened on the platform to have another look. The headquarters windmill stood in the middle of the mile-wide Tucker Draw that stretched for many miles through that country. Far off to the north, Jim espied Charlie Redhouse's form as it strode away out of earshot toward Navajoland.

When World War II started, Charlie joined the Army. I don't know how he got by without talking to people there, but I bet he didn't say more than five words the whole time he served. He served honorably, and after four years came home whole, but nobody ever knew what he had done, or where he had been. **HH**



Teri Goode poses with some of her baskets on the San Carlos Apache Reservation.

THE WOMEN told stories as they worked — long, symbol-filled parables about haste and laziness and greed. Their hands moved alternately fast and slow, shifting sometimes to their lips to cover toothy smiles and laughter. The Apache culture encourages modesty.

Teri Goode hid beneath her grandmother's camp dress, watching as the women plied sumac and devil's claw, strung beads onto leather and added bells to burden baskets. The women — her grandmothers — had gathered beneath a giant cottonwood tree in Lower Peridot, on the San Carlos Apache Reservation, to craft and to drink a corn alcohol they brewed themselves.

"It was always such a big deal when my grandmothers came together," Goode says. "They would throw out a big canvas and sit and plan out the rest of the year — how they were going to collect materials. When they got together to get the drink going, you knew something was going to happen. Just preparing it took two weeks."

A girl of 6 or 7, Goode wasn't really supposed to be near the gathering. "Usually, children aren't to be near the adults," she says. "They're always told to go play — 'This is an adult thing, you can't be in the middle of it.'" But Goode was curious, and she was her grandmother Adela's favorite, so she hid and watched and listened.

"Adela was more like a mother to me," she says. "She raised me, she took me on adventures."

One such journey took the pair to the town of Cochise.

"She'd tell me, 'This is where you're from. This is where you belong. You're a descendant of Cochise.'"

find a job, they're what's going to help you find one. They're there for work. That's something Adela taught me."

Indeed, the crafts of Apache women can be a lifeline of sorts, providing financial support for their families, as well as a means of building strong female relationships. But even then, Goode's grandmothers told her, she'd need a husband.

"They'd tell me, 'You won't have time to go gathering. Your husband will have to go out and gather for you. He can go to the mountain,'" she says.

And just as a dream told Goode to pick up the awl again, others have inspired designs.

"I saw this basket in my dream — I don't know how many years ago," she says. "Then, recently, I actually touched the basket I saw in my dream. I'd never actually seen it, anywhere. Then a relative gave me a book on weaving, and I looked at it and saw that same design."

For Goode, whose husband, Farrell, runs an outdoors outfitter, basket-weaving is a link to her ancient culture, a vehicle through which she hopes to preserve Apache tradition. And though Farrell helps with the gathering, the creative spirit flows through Goode's hands.

They're the hands of someone who's long used them — strong, fingers nimble, nails short and square — the hands of someone who's gone to the mountain herself, time and time again. But, once, her hands nearly failed her.

"We were coming back from selling our crafts in Scottsdale in 2003. It had been a rough day. No one wanted to buy," Goode

DREAM

WEAVER

Teri Goode is among the last of the traditional Western Apache coil basket weavers. Without her, the art form could be lost, and without a vision of her grandmother in a dream, it might already be gone.

BY KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER / PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID ZICKL

Then, at the age of 10, Goode picked up an awl for the first time. It terrified her.

"It was sharp, you know, I could fall," she says. "One of my grandmothers did — she poked herself — and I remember crying and crying."

She didn't use the awl immediately. Instead, she learned basketry by observing her grandmothers. It took years, but, ultimately, Goode did use the tool. She started slowly, weaving burden baskets for decades before she delved into coil weaving, and now she estimates that she's created thousands of baskets.

"I had a dream one night. My grandmother was telling me, 'You know what I taught you. What are you waiting for?'" she says. Today, Goode is among the last of the traditional Western Apache coil basket weavers. Her work is in high demand, and it's work that's rooted in both tradition and necessity.

"Your hands are on your body for a reason," Goode says. "They're not just there to hold your boyfriend's hand — they're going to make crafts and provide for your family. When you can't

remembers. "It was around 10 or 11 at night, heading back into San Carlos. It was windy, there were horses on the road, and there was no way to stop. I hit the brakes, but the horses stopped the truck. I hung on to the steering wheel and didn't even realize my wrists were broken. It was the scariest thing for me. I didn't think I would ever weave again."

After months of rehabilitation, she began working again. Sometimes, at the end of the day, her bones ache, yet she'll spend as many as 20 hours at a time working on a basket.

Her art has become part of her identity, but she also speaks on behalf of the Apache people.

"We still have a heritage," Goode says. "We're still here. Native Americans are still doing basketry. Someone has to say something." **AH**

Teri Goode's work is included in the *Basketry Treasured* exhibit, which runs through June 1, 2013, at the Arizona State Museum in Tucson. For more information, call 520-621-6302 or visit www.statemuseum.arizona.edu.

Houston Mesa Road

Waterfalls, wooded hillsides, rising cliffs, autumn leaves, an ancient village, a pastoral community ... there's a lot to see on this scenic drive, which winds for 15 miles below the Mogollon Rim.

BY ROGER NAYLOR | PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY LINDAHL

Arizona does not lack for geological drama. Grand Canyon, the red rocks of Sedona and the monoliths of Monument Valley draw tourists by the millions. Residents, on the other hand, often just head for the Rim.

The Mogollon Rim, a fierce escarpment soaring 2,000 feet in places, stretches across the state like a great humped spine. Characterized by high cliffs and a tangle of forested ridges, the Rim defines the southern edge of the Colorado Plateau. It serves as an abrupt boundary between the parched desert and the lush green of the high country, yet connecting them in a way rarely seen elsewhere. Houston Mesa Road, just outside of Payson, provides access to that

compelling Rim country.

Paved for the first 10 miles, the road weaves through woodsy hillsides, passes the ruins of an ancient civilization, and splashes across a feisty river. Vistas of rising cliffs interrupt the horizon as the road gently swoops and curves away from the town of Payson. Almost immediately, you'll pass Houston Mesa Campground. This 75-site destination with showers, flush toilets and picnic tables makes an excellent base camp for Rim exploration.

The Shoofly Ruins at 2.8 miles are the remnants of a village occupied from A.D. 1000 to A.D. 1250 by as many as 250 people. A self-guided walking tour loops through the 4-acre site, past low rock

walls and crumbling courtyards. Interpretive signs offer visitors a glimpse into the prehistoric community.

Houston Mesa Road crosses the East Verde River a total of four times. At each crossing, there's a small parking area. The parking fee is \$6. After paying at the self-serve kiosk, keep the envelope stub on your dashboard to allow parking at all of the other crossings in case you decide to stop for a little exploration or a shady picnic spot.

Scars of a 2009 fire are visible on the slopes above the river for one section of

the road. Scorched tree trunks stubble the hillsides, but, fortunately, the riparian corridor canopying the stream, including several elegant sycamores, was spared. A trail from the second crossing leads back to an area known as the Water Wheel, a series of small waterfalls and pools slicing through a narrow granite gorge. During summer months, this is one of Arizona's most beloved swimming holes.

The pavement ends just past 10 miles in the little hamlet of Whispering Pines. To continue, turn left onto Forest Road 64 and drive 0.7 miles. At the sign for Washington Park, turn right onto Forest Road 32. This maintained gravel road pushes deeper into the timber. The road dead-ends at 14.7 miles, just past the Washington Park Trailhead, which offers

RIGHT: Houston Mesa Road meanders through the Tonto National Forest near Payson and past Shoofly Ruins.

BELOW: The road crosses the East Verde River four times. Each of the crossings features parking and picnic areas.

access to the 51-mile Highline National Recreation Trail. The Highline is a historic route established in the late 1800s to link homesteads and ranches together along the Mogollon Rim.

Near the pastoral community of Washington Park, bigtooth maples cluster among the pines and add a splash of vivid autumn color to the Mogollon Rim landscape. **AH**



ADDITIONAL READING: For more scenic drives, pick up a copy of our book *The Back Roads*. Now in its fifth edition, the book (\$19.95) features 40 of the state's most scenic drives. To order a copy, visit www.arizona-highways.com/books.



KEVIN KIBSEY

tour guide

Travelers in Arizona can visit www.az511.gov or dial 511 to get information on road closures, construction, delays, weather and more.

Note: Mileages are approximate.

LENGTH: 14.7 miles one way

DIRECTIONS: From Payson, drive north on State Route 87 for 2 miles and turn right onto Houston Mesa Road.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: None

TRAVEL ADVISORY: There is a \$6 parking fee at river crossings; self-pay kiosks are found in the parking lots.

WARNING: Back-road travel can be hazardous, so be aware of weather and road conditions. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone know where you are going and when you plan to return.

INFORMATION: Payson Ranger District, 928-474-7900 or www.fs.usda.gov/tonto



Barbershop Trail

There's a chance of seeing wild turkeys, elk, mule deer and black bears on this hike, but the highlights this time of year are the autumn leaves and the crisp fall air.

BY ROBERT STIEVE | PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL GILL

This trail is not marked by red-white-and-blue barber poles. It would be nice if it were, but it's not. Instead, this is one of those trails that can be hard to follow. Usually, all you have to do in Arizona is get to a trailhead, throw on a backpack and hit the dirt. You couldn't get lost if you wanted to. This trail is one of the exceptions. More on that later. Meantime, back to the name.

Whether it's towns, trails or back roads, Arizona has some real doozies when it comes to place-names. Gripe, Klondyke, Nothing ... they all have interesting stories behind them. And so does the Barbershop Trail, which is named for a sheepherder who once lived in the area. Apparently, he was as good at clipping his fellow herders as he was at shearing sheep. In an area as beautiful as this, no doubt there was a lot of pressure to be as well groomed and photogenic as Mother Nature.

One of the first things you'll notice when you start this hike is the postcard quality of everything around you. Unlike a lot of other Mogollon Rim hikes, which have limited ground cover, this one is lush and grassy with ferns as high as 4 feet tall. By the looks of things, Walden Pond could be right around the corner. Instead, after about five

minutes, you'll come to an impressive pair of ponderosas. They serve as a gateway to the trail, which, at this point, is still easy to follow.

After another five minutes, the trail passes through a gate. This is where

it starts to get tricky. Cairns and tree notches mark the way, but they're not always obvious. When you're in a situation like this, don't move forward until you find the next marker. Proceed cautiously and methodically, like Harrison

Ford in *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* — once you see where to go, take the next step.

Heading east, the trail winds down a rocky slope and into a lovely meadow. Cross the meadow and the streambed, and head up the other slope. After about 20 to 25 minutes into the hike, you'll come to another gate. Again, the trail is hard to find. Take your time and eventually you'll enter Dane Canyon. It's one of many canyons along this trail, and depending on the weather, it could have water running through it. Water, of course, attracts wildlife, which in this area includes wild turkeys, mule deer, elk and black bears. Maybe you'll get lucky and see something.

From the canyon, the trail quickly leads to a point where it merges with an old jeep road. Look for cairns and notches to the right. About 10 minutes later, you'll cross another road and finally come to a large meadow. This is the trickiest part of the trail. You'll want to head left across the meadow, which is about the size of a football field. Keep

your eyes peeled for a cairn at the opposite end, alongside a forest road. Stay to the left and look for the subsequent cairns, including one that eventually marks a 90-degree turn to the right. At this point, you'll be back in the woods. It's beautiful, especially when the aspens, oaks and maples are in their autumn attire, but don't let your eyes wander too much — the search for the elusive cairns continues.

The effort pays off when you come to a sign that indicates you're a half-mile from the Buck Springs cabins. The cabins mark the finish line, and like the hike itself, there are no barber poles to let you know you've arrived. Not to worry, though. Compared to the cairns, the cabins stand out like Don King's hairdo. Look around, catch your breath and gear up for the return trip, which will be much easier now that you know where you're going.



RIGHT AND OPPOSITE PAGE: The colors of fall are abundant on a cool October hike along the Barbershop Trail.



ADDITIONAL READING:

For more hikes, pick up a copy of *Arizona Highways Hiking Guide*, which features 52 of the state's best trails — one for each week-end of the year, sorted by seasons. To order a copy, visit www.arizonahighways.com/books.



trail guide

LENGTH: 9 miles round-trip

DIFFICULTY: Moderate

ELEVATION: 7,603 to 7,811 feet

TRAILHEAD GPS: N 34°26.353', W 111°11.992'

DIRECTIONS: From Payson, drive north on State Route 87 for 28.5 miles to Forest Road 300. Turn right onto FR 300 and continue 16.6 miles to Forest Road 139. Turn left onto FR 139 and continue 1.9 miles to the trailhead on the right.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: None

DOGS ALLOWED: Yes (on a leash)

HORSES ALLOWED: Yes

USGS MAP: Dane Canyon

INFORMATION: Mogollon Rim Ranger District, 928-477-2225 or www.fs.usda.gov/coconino

LEAVE-NO-TRACE PRINCIPLES:

- Plan ahead and be prepared.
- Travel and camp on durable surfaces.
- Dispose of waste properly and pack out all of your trash.
- Leave what you find.
- Respect wildlife and minimize impact.
- Be considerate of others.

AH

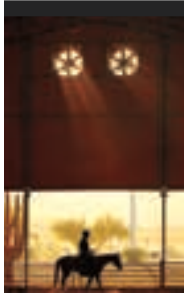
where is this?



TOM STORY

Bus Stop

Although it wouldn't be unusual to find a vintage Volkswagen Bus in this historic town, this "bus" — a mural — can't hit the road. Instead, it adorns the exterior wall of one of the town's garages and reflects the hillsides that surround this Arizona travel destination. — KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER



SCOTT BAXTER

August 2012
Answer & Winner

Westworld, Scottsdale. Congratulations to our winner, Lilly Gair of Putnam Valley, New York.

Win a collection of our most popular books! To enter, correctly identify the location pictured above and email your answer to editor@arizonahighways.com — type "Where Is This?" in the subject line. Entries can also be sent to 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009 (write "Where Is This?" on the envelope). Please include your name, address and phone number. One winner will be chosen in a random drawing of qualified entries. Entries must be postmarked by October 15, 2012. Only the winner will be notified. The correct answer will be posted in our January issue and online at www.arizonahighways.com beginning December 15.

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KERRICK JAMES

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